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## "THE SORROWING MOTHER."

Translated into verse from the prose of Frederika Bremer,  
for WATSON'S ART JOURNAL,  
BY C. W. BERTRAND.

See! by the churchyard wall that woman sit  
On yonder stone—immovable as it;  
A wasted shapeless form is all you trace  
Where once was beauty and a woman's grace.

Fast turning gray; neglected falls her hair  
Down o'er her shoulders, else exposed and bare;  
The sportive winds espy her tatter'd clothes  
And rudely play there, heedless of her woes.

Heart-breaking sorrow, bitter, burning tears  
Brought on decrepitude in early years—  
Dimm'd the bright light of once unclouded eyes,  
Turn'd songs to mourning, laughter into sighs.

Affrighted Reason, whose acknowledg'd sway  
Each passion, sense, respected day by day;  
Her subjects rebels—anarchy supreme,  
Her throne vacating—hasten'd from the scene.

Oh! go not coldly by, a trifle give;  
Not much she needs, she has not long to live;  
Her fading eyes, that sharp convulsive gasp,  
Those twitching lips, all tell, 'twill soon be past!

Why sits she there, her head upon her breast?  
Elsewhere her yearning spirit could not rest.

See you yon little mound where flow'rets wave?  
Her heart's home's there—there in her baby's grave!

The autumn's falling leaves around her play,  
And the spring winds that melt the snow away;

The summer sheds its soft and quiet heat,  
And winter comes with frost and biting sleet,

Yet there she sits, insensible to all;  
Nor speaks to none nor answers when they call.

The daily passer scarce her presence heeds  
With grief familiar, Pity soon recedes.

Why comes she daily here, what is her aim?  
Ah! Death! 'tis union with her child again.  
Touch but that chord—beats her responsive soul,  
Each sense it wakens—vibrates through the whole.

Yes! Death unto that lone one is a welcome guest—  
Comes, but to lead her to her long-sought rest:

What others shrink from she with gladness hails—  
Death is but life, where trustful hope prevails.

## NEW BOOKS, MAGAZINES, &amp;c.

No. 8 of De Witt's series of choice novels, is "Anne Judge, Spinster," by Frederick W. Robinson, a writer of excellent reputation as a romancer. It has received very flattering endorsement from the critical authorities of England, where the work has achieved considerable popularity. It carried Cassell's Magazine, in which it was first published, up to a large circulation by the strength of its plot, and the force of its situations, which, though not ultra-dramatically sensational, are from their natural pathos, absorbingly interesting. The characters are well drawn and are sustained with marked individuality,

that of Anne Judge being a lovely creation, both in a spiritual and a human sense, forming as she does the center of a varied and vivid picture, which does not flag in interest up to the closing chapter. "Anne Judge, Spinster," is a work of fiction that might be a real-life history, the incidents have so natural a flow, and are so little exaggerated, and the reader follows the thread of the narrative as though it were spun from the woof of life, finding it hard to cease from perusing it until the last words are read.

Mr. De Witt is also publishing a series of standard acting plays, the fifth number of which is "William Tell, with a vengeance," a Burlesque, by Henry J. Byron. This edition is very complete, as it gives not only the costumes, entrances and exits, and the relative positions of the performers on the stage, but the whole stage business. These points are invaluable not only to actors and manager, but to amateurs, who would be, without them, like ships without rudders.

De Witt also publishes a series of opera librettos in English, comprising most of the works performed by English and American opera troupes. They are clearly printed, and are got out in a good style.

The Atlantic Monthly, for February, contains, besides other interesting and valuable contributions, a paper entitled, "Does it pay to smoke?" which will be read by smokers and anti-smokers with equal curiosity and interest. It is a fair statement of the case, without bigotry or prejudice, but it brings a heavy battery of facts to bear against the habit, apart from medical considerations, which even the most infatuated lover of the soothing weed will not attempt to deny. It is a common-sense article, which cannot fail to attract attention, and will certainly exert some influence even over the most confirmed smoker, who cannot deny the array of proofs which so forcibly illustrate the terrible loss of time, and the disproportionate expenditure compared with the means of the majority, entailed upon all who habitually indulge in smoking. Loss of time and money will touch dominant chords, which mere hygienic considerations could not vibrate at all. The contributors to the Atlantic this month are James Parton, Charles Dickens, F. H. Hedge, E. E. Hale, Alfred Tennyson, Edwin P. Whipple, J. J. Hayes, Henry James, Jr., John G. Whittier and John G. Rosengarten, besides others whose names are not announced.

Our Young Folks' Magazine, for February, is up to its usual standard, both in a literary and artistic point of view. Mr. Hayes' serial story, "Cast away in the cold," continues to maintain its interest, and affords both amusement and information. "The Old Life-boat," by Georgiana M. Craik, is a pleasant and earnest story; and "Blocked in the Snow," is a lively and piquant sketch. The other articles are readable and well suited to the tastes of young readers.

The New York Teacher and American Educational Monthly, for February, contains the usual amount of matter for thoughtful consideration. The many interests of our schools, and the wide-spread field of educational labor, are treated of and discussed in a liberal spirit, and with a broad and comprehensive view of the evils which exist, and of the needs which are so urgent. The criticisms upon school works intended for general circulation, but gotten up solely with a view to a large sale and immense profits, and without regard to their intrinsic value for educational purposes, are fearless, and thor-

roughly expose the shameless tricks of the trade. Its department of miscellaneous news is well collated and is highly interesting. It is published by J. M. Schermerhorn & Co., 430 Broome street, and its subscription price, one dollar and a half a year, should ensure for it a wide circulation among the teachers of the country, and all who are interested in the subject of education.

The Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated, edited and published by S. R. Wells, is a monthly magazine of universal interest. It is essentially philosophical, but not entirely so, for it is so ably edited, that almost every subject of interest is touched upon, and treated in such a way as both to interest and instruct. Its phrenological department is of course full and able, and the present number contains some facts which are well worthy of the consideration of reflective minds. The Phrenological Journal is always a welcome visitor, and we can cordially recommend it to all who desire a first-class intellectual monthly.

[From the "Morning Star," November 20.]

## MENDELSSOHN'S EIGHTH BOOK OF "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."

The eighth book of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, on the publication of which, tardy though it be, every musical amateur will offer hearty rejoicings, consists of six numbers: two in C, one in D, one in A—all major; one in E minor, and one in G minor. All are songs in the truest sense in which such a term can be applied to any instrumental composition, and one, the *adagio* in D major, might justly be styled a psalm, so grandly dignified and religious is its pathos from the first to the last note. The *andante* in C major might serve as the setting for a ballad, simple and effective, but without any tinge of gloom; and the number in A major marked *allegro vivace*, might be called a hunting-song, for its impetuous spirit, or *Frühlingslied* for its ineffable geniality and brightness. The *andante* in G minor, is one of Mendelssohn's very characteristic *Lieder*, in which the pianoforte at once sings the air and plays a flowing accompaniment; and the *presto* in C is a *tarentella* that may stand comparison with, though quite distinct from, the famous "Spinnlied" or "Bees' Wedding." Madame Arabella Goddard was the artist who enjoyed the proud distinction of being the first to introduce this precious "treasure trove" to any public assembly in the world, and no one could better deserve such an honor. The work furnishes one of the most truly lovable memorials of a genius at once so great and bithal so kindly as was that of Mendelssohn, that can be vouchsafed to us; and the spirit in which it was handled and displayed on Monday night by her whom we can never weary of calling the pearl of pianists, embodied all that can be imagined of tender admiration and intuitive sympathy. Our own feelings were most strongly excited by the most profoundly beautiful *adagio* before mentioned, but the auditors, who, perhaps, felt noisy cheers to be out of place at this point, selected the two lively numbers for their most special commendation, and while evidently delighting in every piece, encored the *allegro* and *tarentella* with extraordinary enthusiasm. Madame Goddard has performed many a far more difficult task than that which awaited her on Monday evening, but has never appeared to more exquisite advantage as a true art disciple than while playing these last songs of Mendelssohn.